

Cuticura Remedies. ITCHING AND SCALY

Skin Disease 9 Years. Doctors and Medicines Useless. Cured by Cuticura for \$4.75.

I feel it is my duty to tell you my experience with your CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have been troubled for over nine years with a dreadful skin disease...

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier, Internally and Externally, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, the exquisite Skin Beautifier...

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1893

A FIVE POUND NOTE.

By George R. Simms.

It was past midnight, and Piccadilly-circus was thronged. At the corner a number of respectable people who had been to places of amusement, were waiting patiently for the heavily-laden busses that drew up one after another.

On the pavement, laughing, singing, and hustling each other, were a number of disreputable people, male and female, women old and young, who bore upon their faces the brand of their calling, and men, old and young, who sauntered leisurely, cigar in mouth, up and down, surveying the poor painted creatures of the Christian alms market with a critical eye.

A tall, military looking man of about forty, whose Inverness cape, worn wide open, revealed the large expanse of snowy shirt front peculiar to evening dress, stood at the corner smoking a cigarette.

Several women looked at him—one or two spoke to him—but he took no notice. One pale-faced girl, neatly dressed in black, after passing him twice, came back and stood beside him. He moved a few paces away and she followed him and wished him good evening.

He looked at her, almost contemptuously, and to nod on his heel, walked in the opposite direction. She followed him and coming up to his side walked towards St. James' hall with him.

"I want to get home," she said. "And I haven't a copper. Won't you give me a bus fare?"

The man laughed.

"Only a bus fare?" he said. "I thought all you young ladies wanted cab fares!"

"I'm not pretending, sir," the girl replied. "I've a sick child at home, and I haven't a shilling in the world. If you'll give me the money for my bus, you can see me get into it."

The man shrugged his shoulders, and put his hand in his pocket.

"You don't expect me to believe you, I suppose, but there's your fare," and he handed her what he believed to be sixpence.

The girl took the coin, thanked him, and turned away. A minute afterwards she was by his side again.

"I beg your pardon sir, but you've given me a sovereign," she said, holding the coin up that he might see it.

Now, John Allister was a man about town in the worst sense of the word. He was an old habitue of the West-end thoroughfares where the night side of "life" is to be seen, and he had a long experience of the class of ladies who ask the gentlemen for "cab-fares."

"You're a queer sort," he exclaimed, staring at the girl. "What's the game? Do you think I shall take the half-sovereign back and give you a sovereign for your honesty? Have you tried the dodge before and found it answer?"

"No, sir," replied the girl, indignantly. "I told you the truth. I wanted enough to pay my bus fare. You meant to give me sixpence, and you made a mistake. Here's your half-sovereign. I'll walk home."

Allister shook his head.

"No, my dear," he said, "you'd better keep it. It will do you more good than it will me. I'm sorry if I've insulted you, and I beg your pardon. Shake hands."

He put out his hand, and the girl took it, and he held it a moment to get a good look at her. They were standing in the light of a street lamp. John Allister saw that the girl was young and had been pretty, and the tears were in her eyes.

"Come, come, little one," he said, kindly, "I see I've made a mistake, but you needn't take it to heart. When a girl asks a man for money in such a place as this—"

"You are right," replied the girl, interrupting him. "I've never done it before, but you looked a gentleman, and I was so tired and so faint I didn't feel strong enough to walk home, and I wanted to get back to my baby."

"Well, you shan't go away and think I'm a blackguard. I don't mean to insult you again, and I believe every word you say. I'm sure you're in great trouble, and I should like to help you. Will you take this for the little one?"

He took a five-pound note from his pocket, and pressed it into the girl's hand.

She hesitated a moment. Then she closed her hand upon the gift.

"I will take it," she said, "for God knows, I want it. Ah, sir, you don't know what you have saved me from, but I can take it only on one condition."

"Well—"

"That you give me an address to which I can write to you."

John Allister laughed.

"If it will make the gift more acceptable to you," he said, "you shall have it on your own terms. You can return it to John Allister, Talbot club, Piccadilly."

The girl repeated the words slowly to impress them on her memory.

"Thank you, Mr. Talbot club, Piccadilly," she said, "Thank you, Mr. Allister and good night." She shook hands with him, and in a moment was gone.

"This is a queer go," exclaimed Allister, looking after her. "I wonder what her story is. Poor little woman I suppose it's the old one—a little work-girl who comes to grief and wants to get straight if she can. I suppose I shall never see my five again."

Mr. John Allister was what is popularly known as a good fellow. He had inherited a considerable sum of money from his father at the age of five and twenty, and he had his fling with it. At the age of thirty-five he was a little tired of the game and he sat down to look the future right in the face.

He saw that if he went on at the rate he had been going he would be left in an uncomfortable position, so he dropped some of his expensive habits, reckoning up his available capital, found that by investing it he would be sure to secure 5000 a year, and this he presently did. Then he looked about him for a means of employing his leisure and keeping himself out of mischief, and he found a secretaryship which was worth another 5000 and the duties of which were not too onerous.

On a thousand a year he could live comfortably in a set of modest chambers, and having no desire to marry he was able to live a pleasant, enjoyable life.

In a few nights he had forgotten his adventure in Piccadilly altogether, and it was, therefore, with considerable astonishment that about a month afterwards, opening a letter one evening which had been sent to the club for him, he found in it a brand new five pound note.

For a moment he thought it must be from some friend who owed him a five for a bet which he had forgotten, but when he had read the letter in which the note was enclosed his curious adventure came back to him at once.

This was the letter—

Sir,—I send you back the money you so kindly lent me one night in Piccadilly. I shall always be grateful for your kindness.

Yours sincerely, Lillian Wilson.

"Well, I'm hanged," exclaimed John Allister, as he looked at the note, "This is honesty with a vengeance. I never expected to see that again. Poor little girl! I hope she has not put herself to any trouble to pay this again. She was welcome to it." He turned to the letter again to see if there was any address on it. There was nothing but "London."

It was evident that Lillian Wilson did not desire acknowledgement.

John Allister put the five pound note in his waistcoat pocket and the letter in his breast pocket, and strolled into the smoking room, sat down, picked up an evening paper and began to read.

Presently his eye was attracted by a sensational headline. A terrible outrage had been committed in a railway train. An old gentleman had been murderously assaulted and left for dead in a first-class compartment of the London, Brighton and south-coast railway, late on the previous evening.

The ticket collector at Preston-park was the first to discover the outrage, and he at once raised an alarm. The old gentleman was alive but unconscious, and bleeding from a terrible wound in the head.

Inquiries made along the line and at the station had elicited the fact that a dark, well-dressed young man had entered the carriage at the London bridge, and a man answering the description had alighted at Redhill. Between Redhill and Preston park no one, it was presumed, had entered the carriage, or an alarm would have been raised. The police were busily searching for that dark young man.

The identity of the injured man had been proved by the papers found in his possession, and his friends had been communicated with. He was found to be Mr. Solomon Turner, a retired tradesman living in London, who was going to Brighton for a fortnight for the benefit of his health. His brother, Mr. James Turner, who identified him at once, put the crime down to robbery, as Mr. Turner had on the day of his departure cashed a cheque for 551 at the bank, and had placed the notes which he received in his pocket book. His brother knew this fact, as he accompanied him to the station, and saw him pay for his ticket with the five pound notes; the others were there in his possession.

Mr. James Turner did not see his brother into a carriage. He was early, and he left him on the platform, having an appointment elsewhere.

The change was still in the pocket of the injured man. His gold watch and chain were still about him, but the pocket book and the ten 51 notes were missing.

The police had at once communicated with the Bank, and obtained the numbers of the notes. The numbers were published in the paper in order that, should anybody attempt to pass one, the police might be instantly communicated with. They ran from BL 74,886 to BL 74,895 inclusive.

John Allister read the account of the outrage through and put the paper down. He remembered the note he had just received from Lillian Wilson. Smiling to himself at the absurdity of the idea that it would have anything to do with the crime, he drew it from his pocket, and took out of it a note which he had just received from Lillian Wilson. He looked at the number printed on it.

With an exclamation of horror he let the note fall on to his lap and picked up the paper again to make sure that he was right.

The number of the notes in his possession was BL 74,889.

It was one of the notes which had been stolen by the person who had left Mr. Solomon Turner for dead in a first-class carriage on the Brighton railway.

It took John Allister a minute or two to realize the situation. Then he burst into a profuse perspiration. He had in his pocket a note which was a clue to a murderous outrage—perhaps a murder, for according to the report of the gentleman's life was despatched.

What was he to do. His duty was plain. He must sit at once with the note to Scotland yard, and explain how it came into his possession. Fortunately he had

Lillian Wilson's note to prove the truth of his statement.

He took the letter and the envelope out of his pocket and examined the letter closely. The letter had been posted that very day. He inquired of the hall porter when it arrived, and was informed that it came by the last post.

"It must have been posted this afternoon," he said to himself. "The girl must have received it from someone this morning—probably the murderer. John Allister began to feel very uncomfortable. In the first place he didn't want the story of his lending a five to a girl in Piccadilly to get into the papers, and he didn't see how it was to be kept out; and in the second place he had an idea that his information to the police would drag this girl into the affair in a very unpleasant manner.

He didn't believe for one moment that Lillian Wilson had any guilty knowledge of the real ownership of the note she had sent him. He argued with himself that had she for one moment believed it to be the proceeds of a crime, she would not have run the risk of incriminating herself.

(Continued next week)

Sure, efficient, easy—Wood's Pills. They should be in every traveler's grip and every family medicine chest. 25c. a box.

In Memoriam—Melon Theresa Fitzpatrick.

It is not so! It cannot be! How can we realize That you who were here—just yesterday, Is now beyond the skies?

Without a word—a fond adieu, A farewell glance, before You left us here to weep, to mourn, To see the never more.

To see thee never, never more; Ah! I wish there few words say, Alas! we all here tread the world, Till the eternal day.

Oh! little did we think that morn, When the golden sun had risen, That ere he set his blazing rays, Thy soul would be in heaven.

Angel Death! with those black wings, We know not when thou art near; And when we think we're safe from harm, Safe from the awful bier—

Swoopest thou upon us, with those wings, Tears thou us from the arms Of father, mother, friends—all, Without the least alarm.

It must be so; we must not weep For thee, 'tis all in vain; Thou art gone to Him above, fond one, Thou went without a pain.

And if thy death was sudden, It was God's holy will; And we are but his tender flock, His words we must fulfil.

—Maggie E. Burns.

Newspapers and Magazines.

McClure's magazine for July is an intensely interesting number. The "Human Document" series includes short articles on Edward Everett Hale, M. De Biowitz, Thor. A. Edison and the Franco-Spanish artist Daniel Vierge. In the "Halls of the Future" department, three writers tell about the three great expeditions to the north pole which will start this summer. Stanley J. Weyman contributes a characteristic story, and Thomas Hardy and a new author also contribute. A new billiard entitled "The Murchinsons" by Rudyard Kipling will be read in the "Lectures" department. An afternoon with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is the suggestive and fascinating title of an article prepared by Edward Everett Hale—it will be illustrated. In addition to the above a series of articles of more than ordinary interest, will commence in July and run through August numbers. They constitute a series of reminiscences in connection with the Brontës sisters. S. S. McClure, (limited), 715 715 Broadway, New York.

—The first issue of McClure's Magazine is a surprise in many ways. The cover is designed by the famous artist Will H. Low, and unlike the covers of most new magazines, it easily ranks in beauty and effectiveness with the best of the old.

Another feature of the magazine is its price; it is just half that of its older rivals. Then, it is very fully illustrated. This first issue contains ninety-five pictures and fourteen different articles. The conductors of the magazine announce contributions for the next two or three issues by Stevenson, Kipling, Thomas Hardy, Octave Thanet, Coban Doyle, W. D. Howells, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Henry M. Stanley, Archibald Forbes, and a series of interviews with Jules Verne, Archdeacon Farrar, Alphonse Daudet, Emile Zola, Camille Flammarion; in short, the contributors to the magazine embrace nearly all of the greatest names in literature. This magazine, with the completeness in illustration, the timeliness and interest of the articles and its extraordinary price, which is only \$1.50 a year, and 15 cents a copy, make the advent of McClure's Magazine noteworthy. Published by S. S. McClure, Limited, 715, 715 Broadway, New York city.

World's Dispensary.

PURELY VEGETABLE

—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're a compound of refined and concentrated botanical extracts. These tiny, sugar-coated Pellets—the smallest and the easiest to take—absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, Indigestion, Sick and Bilious Headaches, Dizziness, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels.

They cure permanently, because they act naturally. They don't shock and weaken the system, like the huge, old-fashioned pills. And they're more effective. One little Pellet for a corrective or laxative—three for a cathartic.

They're the cheapest pills you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.

For a perfect and permanent cure of Catarrh, take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its proprietors offer \$500 reward for an incurable case.

MEMORIAL CARDS.—A very choice position at THE POST PRINTING CO. 41 and 43 St. St.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The battle ship Massachusetts was launched from the Cramp shipyards at Philadelphia on Saturday.

The Viking ship, bound from Christiania, Norway, for Chicago, was spoken Sunday evening off Nassau, Mass.

Three days ago Emperor William thoroughly surprised the Posen garrison by turning up at the barracks early in the morning. At four o'clock in the morning the railway officials in Potsdam received orders to prepare a train and to stop all communications with Posen except such as might be necessary to clear the line.

At six o'clock the emperor with his aide-camp alighted at the Posen station. He proceeded directly to the barracks square, where he gave the signal of alarm. Within half an hour the troops were drawn up ready to take the field. The emperor took his place at the head of the column and marched with the garrison through the streets of the city, which by this time was awake with surprise. At breakfast with the officers, the emperor expressed himself as highly pleased with the promptness and fine appearance of the troops.

Several farmers' organizations have lately expressed the opinion in convention assembled that it is not quite honest for members of parliament to travel on free passes given them by the railroad companies and then charge the country with mileage. They also fall to see any good reason why civil servants should be retired on a life allowance after being well paid for their services for years. Evidently our farmer friends are beginning to think for themselves, and great things may come of it. The Michigan legislature during its last session passed a bill dealing most effectively with the first grievance. It legalized the taking of free railway passes by legislators, state officers and judges of the supreme court. By this enactment railways will be compelled to grant passes whether they will or no, hence there can be no obligation on the legislator's part, and the pass ceases to be what is now in Canada—a sugar-coated bribe.

Britton Bros.

DR. HART'S CELERY IRON PILLS. NUTRATIVE, TONIC, NERVE RESTORING. The longest and happiest lives are enjoyed by those having inherited what is called the Iron Nerve. This is a quality, not a substance, and may be surprisingly present in the most delicate and frail constitutions when lacking, or restored when lost, by using Celery Iron Pills. Droughts and dealers, or mail, Price, 50 cents, or six for \$3.00. The Celery Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

JOS. RIGGS. Ladies' and Gentlemen's. You are the happy possessor of one of BRITTON BROTHERS' special watches. Hav'n't you a great deal of respect for it, and don't you find you can always rely upon it? When you have a "MIDLAND" or "VICTORIA" you are up to the times and you know it. The particular care we take to have them right tells.

JOS. RIGGS' Navigation. TRENK VALLEY NAVIGATION COMPANY, (LIMITED). 1893. TIME-TABLE. 1893. COMMENCING ON THURSDAY, JUNE 1ST, THE STEAMER ESTURION FLYING BETWEEN Lindsay and Bobcaygeon CALLING EACH WAY AT STURGEON POINT. Will run as follows, until further notice:

Leave Bobcaygeon at 6:30 a. m. and 3:10 p. m. Arrive Lindsay " 9:30 " " 6:30 " Leave Lindsay " 11:30 " " 5:45 " Arrive Bobcaygeon " 1:45 " " 8:10 " Single tickets between Lindsay and Bobcaygeon 75 cents, return tickets \$1. Single tickets between Lindsay and Sturgeon Point 35 cents, return tickets 60 cents. Single tickets between Bobcaygeon and Sturgeon Point 40 cents, return tickets 60 cents. Family tickets at reduced rates can be procured at the OFFICE, BOBOCAYGEON, and on the boat. Arrangements can be made on very favorable terms for EXCURSIONS of from 100 to 200 persons on regular trips. For terms apply by letter addressed to Secretary T. V. N. Co., Bobcaygeon.

LAKE ONTARIO STEAMBOAT CO. STEAMER NORTH KING NEW, FAST, AND ELECTRIC-LIGHTED. DAILY FOR ROCHESTER. On and after May 1st will leave Cobourg at 8:00 a. m., Port Hope at 9:45 a. m., daily, on arrival of G. T. R. Trains. Except Monday at 12:30 p. m. and 1:30 p. m., respectively. Returning, leaves Charlotte at 11:15 p. m., except Tuesday at 9:45 a. m., and Saturday at 4:15 p. m., arriving at Port Hope at 6:30 a. m. (Saturday at 9:00 p. m.) Will call at Cobourg on Wednesday and Friday at 4:00 a. m., and Brighton on Monday and Wednesday at 8:00 a. m. Ask your local agent for Through Tickets to any point on the N. Y. C., P. & O., L. E. G. & W., B. R. & P., W. & O. P., and Have Baggage Checked Through. G. F. GILDERSLEEVE, G. B. NICHOLSON, Gen. Mgrs. Port Hope, Kingston.

For sale, my farm, being Parcel 1, Lot 10, in the Township of Eridon, containing by admeasurement 115 acres, more or less. Parcel 2, lot 10, in the 10th Concession of Township of Eridon, containing by admeasurement 255 acres, more or less. Both farms are a good farm with stone foundations and well watered and well fenced. On parcel one there is a good log dwelling and a first-class barn, and on parcel two there is a first-class barn, and a first-class house, and a first-class house, and a first-class house. The land will be sold subject to a lease at an annual rental of \$75.00, which expires on 1st March. For particulars apply to MONTGOMERY & STEWART, 25 King St. W., Toronto. Dated the 25th day of May, A. D. 1893. JOHN HERMINGHAM, Agent.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE IN THE TOWNSHIP OF ELDON. For sale, my farm, being Parcel 1, Lot 10, in the Township of Eridon, containing by admeasurement 115 acres, more or less. Parcel 2, lot 10, in the 10th Concession of Township of Eridon, containing by admeasurement 255 acres, more or less. Both farms are a good farm with stone foundations and well watered and well fenced. On parcel one there is a good log dwelling and a first-class barn, and on parcel two there is a first-class barn, and a first-class house, and a first-class house. The land will be sold subject to a lease at an annual rental of \$75.00, which expires on 1st March. For particulars apply to MONTGOMERY & STEWART, 25 King St. W., Toronto. Dated the 25th day of May, A. D. 1893. JOHN HERMINGHAM, Agent.

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CHASE and SANBORN. PURE COFFEE. THIS IS THE COFFEE THAT WON THE GREAT WORLD'S FAIR CONTRACT. GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE. BEWARE OF IMITATION. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

MISS MITCHELL. GRAND SUMMER MILLINERY OPENING. Miss Mitchell wishes to inform the public and her numerous friends and patrons that she has just received a new and valuable stock of Summer Millinery of the latest styles and also LATEST STYLES IN DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING. Latest styles in WALKING, VISITING and EVENING COSTUMES. She is fully prepared to wait on her numerous friends and patron having secured a first-class Milliner. Rooms over Warner & Co.'s dry goods store, Doherty block, next to A. Higinbotham's drug store. Lindsay, May 17, 1893.—S.

HUGHAN & CO. PARIS GREEN—the Genuine English—at HIGINBOTHAM'S DRUG STORE. Dealers in Fancy Goods, Stationery and Toys, 45 Kent-St., LINDSAY. Lindsay, April 13, 1892.—S.

YOU OWE IT to yourself, no matter whether you have been dealing with a friend or whether you think you have been getting your Goods cheap or dear, whether you are rich or poor, to see HUGHAN & Co's Watches, Clocks and Jewellery, also the best Baby Carriages which we have just received from Chicago, and the large assortment of Sporting Goods which is now being exhibited at our store, 45 Kent-st., Lindsay.

HUGHAN & CO., Watchmakers and Jewellers. Dealers in Fancy Goods, Stationery and Toys, 45 Kent-St., LINDSAY. Lindsay, April 13, 1892.—S.

J. P. RYLEY. BUILDERS. Before buying your supplies you should give me a call and get prices for Nails, Tar and Building Paper, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Locks, Hinges, etc., etc. J. P. RYLEY, ONE DOOR EAST BENSON HOUSE. Lindsay, March 21, 1892.—S.

CLOVER SEED. Clover Seed wanted, for which the HIGHEST PRICE will be Paid. ALSO AGENT FOR THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIVE STOCK Insurance Company. Thoroughbred and Farm stock Insured at very Low Rates. Fetch on your Seeds and get your Farm Stock Insured at JAS. KEITH'S, WILLIAM STREET. Lindsay, 21, 1892.—S.

DOMINION BANK. Capital Paid up - \$1,500,000 Surplus - \$1,400,000. J. R. SHANNON. BAVARIAN LAGER. In Kegs or Cases at JAMES SHANNON'S. Opposite Murray & Brad's. Lindsay, May 21, 1893.—S.

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Scott's Emulsion. Kill the Cold. Kill it by feeding Scott's Emulsion. Of Pure Norwegian Oil and Hypophosphite will stop a Cough, cure a Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Scrophulous swellings, as well as all forms of Wasting and Debility. Prepared only by Scott & Bown.

THE CANADIAN NEWS OF THE HOME AND FOREIGN INTERESTS. Gathered from the Telegraphic exchanges. —China has four hundred and only ten daily newspapers. —Since 1887, when diamonds were first discovered in Africa, over fifty have been exported, and valued at \$1,000,000. —A decree abolishing the punishment of death was issued by the Emperor of Russia on his way to St. Petersburg two weeks ago. —That a book agent is in evidence in Georgia one day lightening bolt killed two men and injured a book agent between them. —Henry Thompson, a member of the House of Commons for 60 years. He is 83 years old and is probably the oldest "Member" in the House. —A terrible explosion of dynamite occurred near Gully Station, on the G. & N. P. R. on his way to Gully to see had 200 quarts of glycerine and while coming down a Gully Station, a wheel struck and the wagon was overturned and found of Muldoon and a few small pieces of through the woods. —Japan is coming to the aid of the coal trade. Exports of coal was \$10,000,000 in 1892, and is now \$1,040,000. Now she is in Australia for the San Francisco. —The "Christopher Columbus" of the first passenger placed upon the lakes. She was built at Chicago, 300 miles from